

i know i've only felt religion (when i've lied with you)
by everythingrhymeswithorange

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Summary:

Falling in love is easy. Falling in love with your best friend is a little bit harder.

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All that 'falling in love is hard' stuff was bullshit.

Falling in love with his best friend wasn't something Will ever imagined doing, but it wasn't hard.

In fact, falling in love was the easiest thing Will had ever done. What was hard was accepting that Mike wasn't interested in him.

And for a while, Will really, really had decided that it was best to move on! He was coping. But then Mike had to casually throw out the fact that, yeah, he would be down with dating boys. A casual affair, if you will.

And then there was El.

It wasn't like Will ever hated El, not at all. She *saved* him, for god's sake. Yet sometimes Will just thought that maybe, just maybe, things would be better if El wasn't a part of them.

Because *wow*, Mike loved her. He talked about her every chance he got. '*El this*', and '*El that*'.

What made it even harder was his mom. His mom, who still treated him like a child. His mom, who he loved with all his heart, but his mom, who loved El like a daughter. Will, who loved El like a

sister.

But hey, on the bright side, at least Mike didn't know.

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Why can't it be me?

The thought had been circling in Will's head for the better part of an hour as he watched Mike pull El to his side and press sloppy kisses to the side of her face.

Over.

And over.

And over again.

Dustin's eyes were rolled so far back into his head that it looked like they'd fall into his face, never to be seen again. Lucas pretended to gag from his own seat, and Max watched El's face with narrowed eyes.

Mike seemed to have forgotten that they were there. For what must have been the millionth time that week.

At this point, Will was completely done with it.

“Mike? It seems like you’d rather make out with El than play our game, so I’m just gonna leave.” Will stood and turned to grab his jacket off of the back of his chair. He shook his head, running a hand through his hair, before tugging on the article and stalking up the basement stairs.

He could feel the stares of the others on the back of his head, trailing down his back to the ground, but he couldn’t find it in him to care.

When Will felt his feet hit the landing, he walked as fast as he could to the door, biting down on his tongue.

Will didn’t even bother to call his mom. He sat on the front porch, feeling the hard concrete under his hands.

All well holding hope that Mike was gonna come after him.

He never did.

Instead, Max was the one who pushed open the front door and came to sit with him, pushing her hair behind her ears.

“Sup, Byers?”

Will glanced up at her, eyes half lidded and tired.

Max was one of the few people who didn't treat him like he was going to break at any second. If anything, she treated him like she might treat Lucas-as if he weren't a freak.

It was refreshing, quite honestly.

“Thinking about the inevitability of total annihilation. The sweet release of death. What about you?” Will mumbled, picking at a small scab on his thumb.

Max grinned, looking at her hands. “Nice one, Byers.”

Will looked up and returned her smile, shaking his head the tiniest bit. “I feel weird.”

Already busy with pulling a pack of cigarettes she'd undoubtedly slipped from her brother out of the pocket of her jacket, Max made a

face. "Be more specific, Byers. You always feel weird." She pulled out a lighter and raised the cigarette to her lips, lighting the end and shaking off the mechanism.

Will's mouth worked faster than his brain, it seemed. "I'm gay."

Her mouth hardly even twitched.

"I know," Max replied, pulling the cigarette out from between her teeth, "it's really not very discreet at all."

"I'm convinced that you may actually be a superhero."

That sure irked a grin. "Damn right. I'm a goddamn superhero."

A beat, a moment passed between the two.

"So. Wheeler, huh?" Max asked, rolling the stumpy stick between her fingers.

With Will's sharp inhale of breath, the cigarette was passed from Max's clammy hands to his own cool ones.

Will placed the thing in his mouth, inhaling sharply and almost immediately breaking into a coughing fit, holding his chest. Max

rubbed his back, taking the cigarette again.

“You don’t have to say anything.”

So he didn’t. Instead, Will leaned against Max for what seemed like an eternity (but was really just four cigarettes worth of time) until his mom pulled up to grab him.

“You can’t tell anyone, alright?” Will asked, voice coming out shaky and uneven.

Max shook her head, tossing her hair and tracing a few freckles on her wrist. “Never, Byers.”

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The next day at school, Mike didn’t make out with El against the nearest row of lockers like he usually did. Instead, he walked his ass up to Will and asked if he wanted to hang out. Alone, just like old times.

Will very nearly missed the wink Max sent him from her own locker.

Author’s Note:

so this is the first work that i’ve ever posted online?

and i love constructive criticism, so please, feel free to give me some! it's, like, really short but i guess i'm just dipping my toes in.

rated teen and up for some language.

this is not a fic to ship will and max? at all? i just think that it would be pretty cool for them to, like, be friends? i don't know.

title - from colors by halsey